

SONNET XXXIV.



IE, Pleasure ! fie! Thou cloy'st
 me with delight;
 Sweet thoughts, you kill me, if you
 lower stray! O many be the joys of one
 short night! Tush, fancies never can Desire
 allay! Happy, unhappy thoughts! I think,
 and have not.
 Pleasure, O pleasing plain ! Shews nought
 avail me! Mine own conceit doth glad me,
 more I crave not! Yet wanting substance,
 woe doth still assail me. " Babies do
 children please ! and shadows, fools ! "
 " Shews have deceived the wisest, many a
 time !¹ " Ever to want our wish, our
 courage cools! " " The ladder broken, 'tis in
 vain to climb." But I must wish, and crave,
 and seek, and climb; It's hard, if I obtain
 not grace in time!



SONNET XXXV.

HAVE not spent the April of my time,
 The Swelt of Youth in plotting in the air!
 But do, at first adventure, seek to climb,
 Whilst flowers of blooming years are green
 and
 fair. I am no leaving of all-
 withering Age.
 I have not suffered many winter lours.
 I feel no storm, unless my Love do rage.
 And then, in grief I spend both days and
 hours. This yet doth comfort that my flower
 lasted
 Until it did approach my sun too near;
 And then, alas, untimely was it blasted,
 So soon as once thy beauty did appear 1
 But after all, my comfort rests in this,
 That, for thy sake! my Youth decayed is.